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DEMONSTRATION: NO SHOW!



The presence of Air Force recruiters on the campus brought out approximately 300 Santa Cruz students, last Wednesday morning. The recruiters, however, decided not to come, rather than face the assembled demonstrators.

Santa Cruz students won a small victory in a very large war, last Wednesday, but it is a victory none the less. The war is the one being waged by many citizens of this country in opposition to real, bloody war in Asia. The combatants were a significant segment of the Santa Cruz campus and the United States Air Force. The victory will have little immediate effect on the limiting of the struggle in Vietnam, but will contribute in a small way to the anti-war effort at home.

The event started with the announcement that Air Force recruiters would come to Santa Cruz Wednesday and Thursday. A group of students asked to put up a table for the counseling of conscientious objectors next to the Air Force table. This request was denied on the grounds that table was not for job recruiting and therefore had no business in the Placement Office.

Following this denial, a meeting was held Monday night in the Stevenson Fireside Lounge. Those in attendance were basically divided into two groups. with regard to a plan of action; all were resolved in purpose. One group wanted to picket the recruiters, while another believed in some more active resistance, such as blocking the car or the office door.

Thursday dawned to find about 300 students waiting on the road to Central Services, near the Commuter lot (well 7:30 a.m. is almost dawn to Santa Cruz students). Lookouts were stationed at the base of campus and the demonstrators, pickets and resisters, waited.

Announcement came about 9:00 that the recruiters were not going to come until until 10:30. The group reassembled around 10:00 and again waited. At 11:30 it was announced that the Air Force recruiters had decided that "due to circumstances" they were not going to come.

The students achieved their purpose, to keep the recruiters off the Santa Cruz campus. It was not done by violence, but by determination and the

TO PAGE 4

VIETNAM LETTER

CPL. CALLIBERNUS

In the next few dispatches I intend to dwell on the attitude of the men toward the war, the Vietnamese people, our tactics, the dehumanizing effects.

The war is more of a bore than spectacularity. From what I have seen of American newspapers, the reporting is more vague than inaccurate, though I do seriously believe that the news is managed. There are no war correspondents out here. In four months I have not even heard of one in the Cav. Div. To be sure-information officers.

Dispatch # 4 18 August

The 4th of the 7th remains in the base camp vacinity of Ankhe with the continuing happy prospect of actually getting its promised month of easy duty after being in the field so long. Easy duty does not mean, however, loafing around the battalion area and watching USO shows at Camp Radcliff (named after the first man in the 1st Air Cav. to die in Vietnam). Easy duty for an infantry unit over here means [illegible] an area where there are relatively few Charlies. We still hump but there are not any real hills around here. The battalion has only made two contacts with the enemy since we came here two weeks ago. My own platoon captured an old woman whose husband shot at a helicopter. But she ran away when her guard lit a cigarette and nobody felt like shooting her down. The area was later strafed with rockets but nobody knows what became of her. Also, the battalion suffered one dead when a rifle discharged.

Since the Ankhe area is not an open fire zone, we have had a good deal more contact with the Vietnamese civilians,

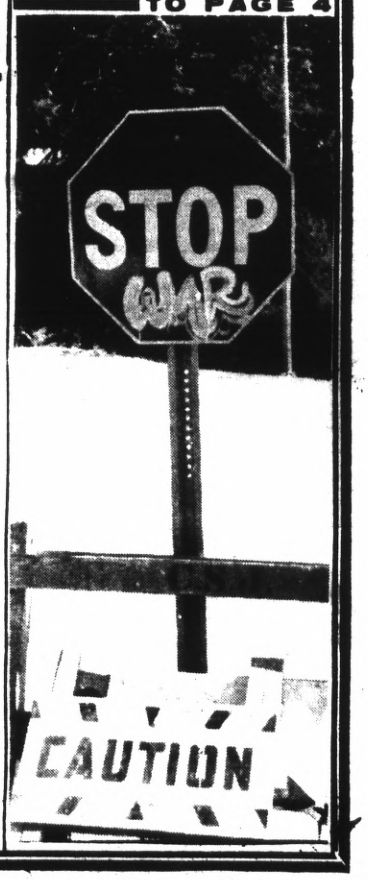
TO PAGE 4

VIETNAM PROJECT

On Friday, November 10 at 7:30, the Vietnam Education Project will begin. The project is intended to be a long-range program to provide a strong basis in factual information for our discussions and action about the war in Vietnam. The beginning of this project is on Friday night in the Stevenson Dining Hall.

Twenty professors from Stevenson, Crown and Cowell colleges will present an overview of information in the general areas of history and background, analysis and reaction. The speakers, panels, and student discussion and comment will take place in a teach-in type format. An outline of the program for the evening will be available early next week.

Among the faculty speakers will be Professors Scholte, Iriye, Kenez, Nichols, Baer, Eliot, Joshi, Ritchie, Veysey, Werlin, Kaun, Page, Domhoff, Messer, Ruby, Lee, Lamb, and Kroyer. Mrs. Barbara Miller of the Santa Cruz Peace Center will also take part in the program.



BACK AT THE RANCH

The outside world will have an opportunity to explore UCSC this Sunday, from 1 to 5 p.m. -- the fourth annual Back-at-the-Ranch Day. The new president of the University, Charles Hitch, and the former acting President, Harry Wellman, as well as former Regent McLaughlin, will be present for the opening ceremony of the day, the dedication of Mc Laughlin Bridge at 1:00. Later in the afternoon Provost's Medallions will be conferred upon F.M. Glenn Willson of Stevenson and Kenneth V. Thimann of Crown. Drs. Richard Randolph, Jean Langenheim, and John Dizikes will each deliver a lecture and the University Chorus will give a concert during the course of the afternoon. There will be P.E. demonstrations including soccer, tennis, modern dance, judo, trampoline, folk dancing, and fencing at the Field House, while at Nat Sci there will be exhibits in the Geology, Physics, Chemistry, Astromony, and Biology departments. The Library, Instructional Services, Central Services, the Colleges, and the Garden Project will be open to visitors. Back-to-the Ranch Day is for better acquainting the community at large with the City on a Hill, so the world is cordially invited.

STUDENT POWER

Will is a very strong factor in any encounter. When it is practically your only weapon, it becomes that much stronger. A large percentage of the Santa Cruz student body put on a "show of will" last Wednesday and proved that when they have something to say and something they feel they have the right to talk about, then very little can stop their will.

The students of Santa Cruz (and all opponents of the war) won a victory last Wednesday, but the PRESS also hopes that it will serve as an example for future action. Although the phrase "Student Power" brings fear to the hearts of most administrators, the students here put on perhaps the most successful demonstration of student power possible; they acheived their objective. And that objective was acheived by the their will.

The Air Force recruiters did not come on campus this week and, if the sign in the Placement Office is an indication, they may not come for quite a while. But other things are going to confront the students. The PRESS isn't going to map out a plan of action and try to gather this new-found Student Power around any of its pet issues. Rather it urges the students to think about the possibilities of the use of their "power" as a collective body. With this power, there are few rational goals the students can't acheive.

CONTEMPLATION

This (to cover legal questions) is not advocacy of any issue or program but rather a call to contemplation. If after this, the students feel they have other issues to confront, then they should no longer fear to act upon them.

Fear to act comes only when a person acts as an individual, As a group, not only do you have the numbers, but you have the support of your conpatriots. Individually, a person may have a strong will, but he will eventually encounter another person with an equally strong will and a position of power. Collectively, though, individual will can be turned into effective Student Power and collective power is stronger than that of an individual.

THE CITY ON A HILL PRESS



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

REP RESPONSE 1

Editorial Comment:

We received this too late for the October 20th paper and because of the negligence of the editor it did not appear in the last paper. Our apologies to Miss Corona..

Dear Editor:

Most students at UCSC have, until recently, been unaware of any official "student representation" from our campus. For the past two years virtually all students seem to have wanted to avoid centralization in student government.

Although several students have been attempting to establish some sort of campus-wide "board", these students have as yet been unsuccessful. If you will recall, the Cowell Assembly last year voted against a proposal for such a board.

Meanwhile, the administration has filled in the expansive gap between no representation and elected representation. For the Chancellor to authorize the establishment of a student government on campus is an explicit policy of the University. In line with this duty, the administration has been in the process of gathering the opinions of students and faculty on the subject of a campus-wide government. These suggestions are even now in the process of being drafted and re-drafted to find a form for an intercollegiate Board which is representative of the campus.

You suggest, Mr. Bloom, that until this board is established, ". . . some more meaningful means should be adopted for the selection of a representative. . ." I ask you how representative your extra-legal group would be.

I was recently asked to resign from my appointment in order to allow an opportunity for such a group to select a "representative representative." However, until an authorized Board is accepted by the UCSC community, I intend to serve as the student officially representing and/or presenting the opinions of our community.

Sincerely,
Barbara E. Corona

REP RESPONSE 11

Dear Editor:

Your editorial of October 13 brought to light an aspect of the present controversy on student government at UCSC. In an attempt to present another point of view, I wrote to you on October 18 hoping that the letter would become open to the UCSC community. I am quite disillusioned that it has not been printed.

But you conveniently did find space for the announcement about applications for the job of "student representative"--an announcement which proved to be misleading.

The community should be aware that these applications are being distributed by a group of students who have taken upon themselves the job of saving UCSC students from the tyranny of the administration. This group met,composed an application and announced its availability without consulting with anyone outside of their own group -- which was comprised of students present "by invitation only." This self-appointed elite plans to select a "representative representative" from among the applicants. The legality and representativeness of this group is certainly open to debate.

Defeating their purpose, the "camps" being formed by students only hinder the growth of any meaningful student government on the campus. The "neutral" students are beginning to view the entire situation as an extension of high school politics. Their neutrality tends towards apathy as the camps become more involved in promoting their particular altruistic plans.

I suggest, therefore, that the petty arguments be temporarily laid aside and that the camps unite in an effort to establish that which, in essence, we all seek: a workable student government at UCSC. Not until then can we hope to have any sort of effective student voice with the administration.

Hopefully,
Barbara Corona

NO WAR?

Dear Sirs & Ladies.

We eagerly look forward to each publication. You are stimulating our contemplation cells. This is healthy. Keep up your provocative program Sirs and Ladies. This we need.

May this writer ask your consideration of about two cents worth, regarding frustrations and conflicts between deeds and conscience whether "America is Ugly" regarding Vietnam?

In the Constitution of the U.S., Section 8, it reads, "The Congress shall have the power to declare war."

This nation has been engaged in a merciless war, increasingly escalating the tragic destruction of life, liberty & happiness, except for the Arms & munition makers. The Congress has not declared war. Is not this nation now flouting the principles on which this Republic was founded?

Yours truly, one of
the U.C.S.C. staff,
Michael McManus

LITTER

Dear Editor;

Help fight litter, advance Art, clean up the campus, develop your Creativity, and save Money! Yes, you too can be a paragon of virtue without really trying simply by creating an exciting junk sculpture for room, lounge, or hall.

It appears that while most of the resources provided by Mother Nature are dwindling, there is one which isn't: lit-

TO PAGE 4

GRYPHON

A COLUMN BY JAMES GRAHAM

The sun shone brightly down from his celestial seat upon the brave multitude assembled at the pass to intercept the vicious Usaf before he could enter their fair city on a hill, Ucsc, and taint its atmosphere by peddling his offensive wares.

Having previously received news of his intended visit, the vigilant populace gathered early and milled about for nearly an hour and a half, feeling proud and socially useful. Finally, at nine a.m., feeling, perhaps, some measure of apprehension (and fatigue?), one of the leaders telephoned the camp of the Enemy, inquiring as to when they might expect his arrival.

And in his craftiness and guile he replied, "We expect to arrive around 10:30 this morning."

Oh, such a let-down! "Do not despair, noble defenders of your fatherland," implored the leaders. "Go about your business if you must, but reassemble at ten o'clock, for we have a sacred duty to perform." And they dispersed.

But, by 10:30, they were gathered together again, their ranks augmented by new recruits. Indeed, heartwarming and touching was the loyalty and dedication displayed by those who responded to the urgings of the Chief Ucsc Defense Recruiter: "Come on, join the ranks! Are you afraid to commit yourselves?"

It seems however that the citizens of the beautiful city of Ucsc were not united in their opinion of the menacing Usaf, for many of them only watched the guardians of the pass, whilst still others ignored the defensive effort entirely. Aye, and traffic through the pass went on as usual, with the vigilants moving aside, admonished by their leaders. "Don't obstruct Dumptrux, for they contribute to our city's construction projects, helping to rid us of the encroaching wilderness. We only block the vile Usaf.

The scene, awe-inspiring because of the heroic display of courage against well-nigh-insuperable odds, interested not only the citizenry of Ucsc, but caught the eye too, of important representatives of the communications media in the surrounding great cities. By 11:00 a.m. it seemed, sad to say, that everyone but the horrible Usaf had arrived. It was rather discouraging but spirits were still high, and the defense of Ucsc were still confident of victory.

And then, like a bolt from the blue, came the announcement: "Due to unforeseen 'circumstances,' Usaf finds that he will be unable to visit us today, nor, is it likely, tomorrow."

Such and injustice to have perpetrated upon the defenders of their beleagured city--to have deprived them of their right to defend their ideals, their culture, their way of life, all that they stood for!

Well, at least it was a jolly good show, and a bit of fresh air and exercise can't have harmed them.



LONG DAY'S JOURNEY

A REVIEW BY ZACHARY SKLAR

The burden that a man carries grows heavier and heavier as he plays out his role in life. As brick after brick falls on his shoulders and wave after wave knocks him down and event after event turns his course and person after person pours his troubles out on him, a man fills up. There is too much inside.

And what can he do? He can spill his guts.

In 1940 Eugene O'Neill's guts spilled through his pen on to the paper and finally bared their ugliness, in the form of "Long Day's Journey Into Night," on many stages throughout the world.

Despite the problems posed by the Stevenson College combination dining hall-theatre, O'Neill's tragic life in a mixed-up family was exposed once again last Friday night in a brilliant production by what many consider America's best repertory company, The American Conservatory Theatre.

Dishes clattered, milk machines hummed, and drunken students screamed outside, but "Long Day's Journey" came through powerfully to a sell-out audience gathered for this third event of the Centennial Artists' Series of the University of California. When a man tears apart his soul and writes with the awful pain of the past in his heart, people listen. They are fascinated; they are moved; they cry.

And they don't do these things because of interesting gimicks or zany imagination (O'Neill doesn't need them in this play) or even because of the tremendous theatricality involved in any O'Neill play. They do them because "Long Day's Journey" is deeply human, deeply passionate. It is a careful examination of O'Neill's own family and the tragedy which constituted their lives.

There is James Tyrone, the father, an Irish Catholic, once one of the great actors of the American stage but now a washed-up matinee idol, a miser whose greatest fear is of ending up in the poor-house. There is Mary Tyrone, the mother, formerly a beautiful girl from an aristocratic home but now, ruined by her life with the actor, a self-conscious morphine addict who has sold her soul and lives in a world of fog.

There is the oldest son, Jamie, a loafer, a failure in life, a whoring, drunken Broadway bum, who loves his younger brother dearly yet is jealous of the attention given him and tries to drag him down to failure.

And there is the younger brother, Edmund (who is actually O'Neill himself), the victim of the horrible situation he was born into, the morbid poet, the young man whom everyone hopes has a future but who everyone knows is dying of consumption.

The play itself consists of one day and night in the lives of the Tyrone family -- the arguments, the love, the drunkenness, the memories, the throwing off of all the veils. You realize the problems, the circumstances, the burdens as one by one they are ripped from the author's insides and displayed before you on the stage. By the end you feel you have experienced some of this family's anguish.

But it is so much worse, so much more tragic than that.

TO PAGE 4

THE LITTLE STORY BEHIND THE LITTLE GARDEN

The sun shone brightly on a balmy day as we ascended from the concrete mass of Stevenson to a world of flowers and neatly bordered garden paths. The hill was steep and halfway to the top, sweat trickled down our brows. The path twisted upwards to the crest, and there we found him.

Our conception of a gardener is that of a short, slightly stooped oriental tending his plants with a delicate precision. We were utterly wrong. The object of our coming proved to be a tall, straight-shouldered Englishman wrestling a loaded wheel-barrow, weighed down with soil and plants. Thus we met Alan Chadwick, tender of the student garden.

Mr. Chadwick has the disturbing habit of coming directly to the point. "If I were you, I'd make the whole subject of the article the garden," he stated when we asked biographical information. However, to understand the accomplishments of the man at Santa Cruz requires a certain knowledge of his background.

INCEPTION

Mr. Chadwick was born on Puddlestone, an estate taking up half a county in England. Tutored by the 27 gardeners at Puddlestone, Mr. Chadwick became interested in the art of growing things. Leaving his native England for France, he studied under the foremost gardener of his time, Lorette. Completing his formal training, he managed the gardening of estates in Europe and South Africa. Then, following his love for the professional theatre, he signed away his property to undertake dramatic studies, and subsequently became a versatile actor, finding his greatest joy in Shakespeare. During World War II, Mr. Chadwick worked his way up from a rating to become commander of a British Corvette Anti-sub ship. After the conclusion of the war he turned once again to gardening, feeling the classical theatre to be dead. For a time, he managed an estate in Long Island. Last year found him in Australia.

Last February, Professor Paul Lee was seriously pushing for a student garden when the Countess Von Moltke, visiting the campus, suggested that an Englishman she knew in Australia would be the perfect gardener for such a project. Mr. Chadwick arrived last March.

AIMS

His was a massive feat to perform. In his own modest words: "The garden was to be created for the purpose of giving the students of the four colleges the advantages of a private home estate - their own garden to treat as theirs --to work in, to live in, to play in and enjoy." In addition, Mr. Chadwick stated that the faculty was to be encouraged to make use of the garden as a way for therapy in an academic community almost wholly separated from the soil.

At this point in the interview a student approached and asked permission to take one of the potted plants reserved for the students' rooms. "of course," he replied. "You go right up to that shack -- you do like geraniums? Good - then go right up to that shack and help yourself to one. Remember to let it have shade and water it once a day. You wouldn't want it to die. All I want you to do is please bring the pot back. Good luck!"

Turning back to us, he continued: "The location for the gardens was carefully chosen. You'll note we have an ideal south slope, with plenty of drainage. Our location is a central one."

Asked what fertilizers and insecticides were used, Mr. Chadwick emphasized that the gardens are run employing the French Method of Cultivation which employs only organic cultivation and uses no poisons. This method allows the highest "cultivation of produce."



CREATION

With these goals in mind and utilizing the methods of organic cultivation, Mr. Chadwick created within a period of less than five months, the main student garden one sees as he rounds Hagar Drive and the main flower beds below the Cowell Library. There was no prepared ground - he had to clear the main student garden area before tilling it to make the soil plantable. Then through the summer he labored 15 hours a day, seven days a week, to make the gardens grow.

Mr. Chadwick was not completely alone in his efforts. He is lavish in praise to his student assistant: "You can't really give enough credit to John Powell. That boy was out there every minute giving up his vacation for a seven day work week, just so there could be a garden. You couldn't ask for a better worker. He is essential in considering the success of the garden."

Asked if everything had gone smoothly, Mr. Chadwick cited three problems plaguing the garden.

The first of these involved the vegetable production. It seemed the kitchen wouldn't take the fresh vegetables from the garden. Since the interview was taken, however, this has been settled and now the tomatoes, carrots, etc. are being used. According to the Slater people, "Everything we get from the garden is top quality."

The second problem revolves around and incident that occured early this academic year. Mr. Chadwick planted some extensive begonia beds below the Cowell Library. Early in September, two-thirds of these were destroyed by dogs, and the beds had to be replanted. "It was an outrage," declared Mr. Chadwick. In a later interview, Mr. Howard Shontz concurred and added that he hopes such occurences will be stopped by the new set of laws being enacted to control dogs running loose on the campus.

The last problem deals with the future of the student garden concerning finances. Mr. Chadwick views the student garden of the future to be what its planners intended, "A place for students, faculty and administration to benefit from." In making this possible, the problem has arisen.

Last May, there was a meeting with faculty member laying plans for the garden. At that time, Mr. Chadwick promised the members that they would find some garden when they came back in October. In Mr. Chadwick's words, "That was all!" The faculty members left for the summer and he was left with a promise to fulfill. There followed a summer of hard work, with virtually no faculty support.

FUTURE?

Now that the long, hot summer is over there is the problem of financing for the coming year. There seems to be some uncertainty in all quarters where the operating expenses are coming from, and how they are going to be assigned.

"I'm not a businessman. I'm here to create a garden on this beautiful campus, and that I am doing," states Mr. Chadwick. "I wish someone would find out. Why don't you try Mr. Shontz's office?"

At press time, we are delving into the financial aspects of the garden. Our report will be printed in the next issue of the Press.

Meanwhile Mr. Chadwick works 15 hours a day in his efforts to make things grow.

"My coming here was like the germination of a seed. As plans were started and the Summer progressed, the seed sprouted. Now the flower is in bloom."

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ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE

HAPPENINGS

CALENDAR

Friday, Nov. 3
2 p.m. "The Sefert Galaxy NGC4151," by Dr. J. B. Oke, Astronomy Colloquium, Academic Senate Conference Room.

Saturday, Nov. 4
7:30 and 9:00 p.m. "The Guns of Navarone," and Flash Gordon short, NS 3 Admission 50¢.

9:30-11 a.m. "The 8, 9-Dehydro-2-adamantyl Cation." lecture by Professor John Baldwin, University of Illinois, NS 125.

Sunday, Nov. 5
1-5 p.m. "Back at the Ranch" day, Campus open house.
1 p.m. Dedication of McLaughlin Bridge, east end of bridge.
1:30 p.m. "Regional History and Indian Mounds on Campus," lecture by Dr. Richard Randolph, Cowell Dining Hall.
2 p.m. Presentation Ceremony of Provost's Medallion, Stevenson Dining Hall.
2:30 p.m. "The Biology of Amber: New Scientific Approaches," lecture by Dr. Jean Langenheim, Cowell Dining Hall.
3 p.m. Choral Concert by University Chorus, Stevenson Dining Hall.
3:30 p.m. Presentation Ceremony of Provost's Medallion, Crown Dining Hall.
4 p.m. "World Civilization: Problems of General Education," John Dizikes, Crown Dining Hall.
6:30 and 8:45 p.m. "Day of Wrath," Swedish film directed by Carl Dreyer, NS 3 Admission 50¢.
7 p.m. Crown Chamber Players with Julia Zaustinsky, guest violinist, in Crown Dining Room.

Monday, Nov. 6
Stevenson Fellow's Dinner, Vincent Hallinan speaking on Vietnam.

Tuesday, Nov. 7
Crown College Night, Charles Hitch, President of the University.

Thursday, Nov. 9
Cowell College Night, "Toward a New University," William Arrowsmith, professor of Classics, University of Texas.
8:15 p.m. "Seance on a Wet Afternoon," psychology club film, NS 3.

Friday, Nov. 10
7:30 p.m. Teach-in on Vietnam, Stevenson Dining Hall.

Saturday, Nov. 11
7:30 and 9:45 p.m. "The Shop on Main Street, NS 3 Admission 50¢.

Sunday, Nov. 12
6:30 and 8:45 p.m. "The Gospel According To St. Matthew," Italian film with sub-titles, NS 3, Admission 50¢.

VINCENT HALLINAN

Vincent Hallinan, one of the world's most noted trial lawyers, will speak next Monday evening at the Stevenson Dining Hall. His topic will be the war in Vietnam, offering a new approach to the solution of the conflict.

A brilliant legal mind, he made a million dollars before he was 40. In 1949 he was defense counsel for Harry Bridges of the International Longshoreman's and Warehouse Worker's Union against perjury charges. This made him somewhat of a celebrity in liberal circles, and three years later he was nominated by the Communist-backed Progressive Party. He conducted his campaign in prison while serving a five month sentence for contempt of court.

Hallinan was also fined $10,000 and sentenced to 18 months in jail on a charge of income tax evasion in 1953.

At 78, Hallinan is still practicing law in San Francisco.

VIET NAM LETTER

FROM PAGE 1

mostly in the person of numerous dirty little kids, mamasans trying to sell trinkets to the GI's, coke-girls and the famed boom-boom girls. The soldiers have quite noticeably relaxed; tactical discipline is almost nil. The battalion is fragmented as it alone must cover the whole of the Camp Radcliff A.O. My own platoon has been managing a series of check points and ambush sites. All day long we run short patrols or else sit around a perimeter. There is a division policy of non-fragmentation which the officers try to enforce. We are not supposed to talk to civilians or buy anything from them. But the policy is impossible to enforce. So we have children milling around our perimeter, begging "tshop hop" (food) or else asking us every two minutes if we want a coke which they sell for 50¢ a can. Towards evening the squads saddle up all their equipment --claymore mines, trip flares, machine guns, air mattresses--and set out for their ambushes. They are each followed by a troop of boom-boom girls, much to the encouragement of squad members and the chagrin of the company commander. The going rate is about $4, having risen sharply due to the inflation of the Vietnamese Piester resulting from GI's buying on the economy. The phrase used by Armed Forces Radio is "Remember when beer was only 10 pee?"

About two weeks ago it came over the radio that a 1st Cav. company made an air assault into a hot LZ north of Bon Song and suffered in 6 KIA's. I inquired about this incident around the division operations center and discovered from a friend in commo section that the actual number of KIA's was more like 28. From time to time huge Chinook helicopters mysteriously appear with demolished hulks of smaller helicopters suspended underneath. I know that the 1st Cav's A.O. is being extended considerably north into the 1st Corps area which was formerly Marine Corps territory. This is the same area in which the above same area in which the above mentioned unit was hit.

It is obvious that the Army takes no pains to keep soldiers informed about actions even in their immediate vicinities. The new we get is on a need-to-know basis and at the discretion of commanders. Nearly everything we hear is rumor, even between the companies within a battalion. Therefore, one can understand my own position, portraying more the life of my unit than actual war intelligence.

REVIEW

FROM PAGE 3

As you watch the truth reveal itself, you cough. You squirm. Only at a few dramatic peaks do you feel you cannot move or make a sound. -- when old James tells Edmund of his childhood poverty, when Edmund describes his beautiful but brief unity with the sea, and the stars one night on a ship, when Jamie warns Edmund against following his path to failure, when Mary plays her piano for the first time in years.

And even during these moments your gut tightens, knowing what it has all come to. One scene, Jamie's drunken scene, is wildly funny and allows for some release of tension, but it rapidly turns to ugliness when Edmund hits his brother for calling their mother a hophead. You feel you cannot take so much agony in one evening.

But you do, and at the end you applaud, as the visibility moved audience in the Stevenson dining hall did, and give the five-member cast a standing ovation. Rightly so. William Patterson, Josephine Nichols, John Shuck, David Dukes, and Kitty Winn, starting off in their parts, seemed to get better and better as the play went along. Robert Golsby's direction, though a bit too extreme in it ambivalence at the beginning, kept the audience attentive all throught the difficult 3 1/2 hour play and built toa stunning peak near the end.

What does the play mean? Nearly anything you like. The scale of O'Neill's thought and the beauty of his poetry are so monumental that nearly every human problem is touched on -- family, love, hate, jealousy, humor, work, meaning in life, past, future, present, reality, fear, and on and on. There is no hidden philosophy. For O'Neill the writing of the play was an act of individual human purgation. The play reeks of all that makes human beings human. And thus, it refuses to be tagged with one meaning, one moral, one conclusion. It is too great for that.

ACT is to be congratulated for presenting so magnificently O'Neill's masterpiece, which, although it gets a few laughs where it isn't intended to, is far from outdated. Santa Cruz, though a little ashamed of its meager facilities, should be proud to host such a fine company.

For me it was a first look at "Long Day's Jouney into Night" and at ACT. And, as Edmund says to his father, "I couldn't touch what I tried to tell you just now. I just stammered."

LITTER

FROM PAGE 2

ter. A casual walk along roads, trails, and paths on the campus yields an opportunity to gather many varieties of litter, like the rusty-spotted tin can and the varicolored soft-drink bottle.

The junk you collect can be made into just about any creation you want: table top sculptures, wall hangings, mobiles. Take the junk, add string, yarn glue, and imagination. If the creation isn't to your liking, dump it in the garbage or give it to your enemy for Christmas.

As for the litter which isn't usable for creativity, why not dump that in the garbage, too?

Sue Levy

DEMONSTRATION

FROM PAGE 1

understanding that the will of a mass of people is a much more powerful element than either threats from any of the powers that be, or the wishes of the local recruiter from Campbell of the United States Air Force.

It was a small victory in a big war. But, as Ben Franklin pointed out, "for want of a nail .....the battle was lost." Santa Cruz has supplied one small nail.

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On December 4, in the second largest Resistance action, young Americans will return their draft cards, refusing any longer, to cooperate with military conscription--to be owned and directed by Amenican militarism.

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THESE UCSC STUDENTS HAVE RETURNED THEIR DRAFT CARDS

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Steve Gross	Dick Vacha

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